SIR JOHN COCKLE

Eliza. AT *Kirsh*

COURT.

Being the SEQUEL to the

KING AND THE MILLER

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY B. URIE.

1607/5753

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

The King,	*Mr. Cibber.*
Sir John Cockle,	*Mr. Miller.*
Sir Timothy Flath,	*Mr. Beard.*
Greenwood,	*Mr. Hill.*
Buckram, a Taylor,	*Mr. Gray.*
Barber,	*Mr. Ray.*
French Cook,	*Mr. Woodward.*
Vintner,	*Mr. Turbett.*
Joe,	*Mr. Marſhall.*
Three Courtiers,	*Mr. Raſter.* *Mr. Woodbourn.* *Mr. Leigh.*

WOMEN.

Miſs Kitty,	*Mrs. Clive.*
Mrs. Starch,	*Miſs Tollet.*

15 70

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

AS some poor orphan, at the friendly gate
When once reliev'd, again presumes to wait;
So mov'd by former kindness to him shown,
Our honest Miller *ventures up to town*
He greets you all, his hearty thanks I bear
To each kind friend. He hopes you're all so here.
Hopes the same favour you'll continue still
At court, which late you shew'd him at the mill.
Why should you not? If plain, untutor'd sense
Should speak blunt truths, who here will take offence?
For common right he pleads, no party's slave;
A foe, on either side, to fool and knave.
Free, as at Mansfield, *he at court appears,*
Still uncorrupted by mean hopes and fears.
Plainly his mind does to his prince impart,
Alone emboldened by an honest heart
These are his merits —— on this plea I sue ——.
But humbly he refers his cause to you
* " *Small faults, we hope, with candour you'll excuse,*
" *Nor harshly treat a self-convicted muse.*
If, after trial he should mercy find,
He'll own that mercy with a grateful mind;
Or, by strict justice, if he's doom'd to death,
Will then, without appeal, resign his breath.

* These two lines were added after the first night's performance, occasioned by some things which the audience very justly found fault with; and which, the second time, were left out, or alter'd as much as possible; and the author takes this opportunity of thanking the town for so judiciously and favourably correcting him.

SIR JOHN COCKLE at COURT.

SCENE I.

Sir John, Taylor, Barber, and Joe.

Taylor.

THIS the fashion, Sir, I assure you.

Sir John. Fashions are for fools, don't tell me of fashion. Must a man make an ass of himself, because it's the fashion?

Taylor. But you would be like other folks, Sir, wou'd not you?

Sir John. No, Sir, if this is their likeness, I wou'd not be like other folks. Why, a man might as well be cas'd up in armour; here's buckram and whalebone enough to turn a bullet.

Joe. Sir, here's the barber has brought ye home a new perriwig.

Sir John. Let him come in. Come, friend, let's see if you're as good at fashions as Mr. Buckram here. What the devil's this?

Barber. The bag, Sir

Sir John. The bag, Sir! and what's this bag for, Sir? this is not the fashion too, I hope.

Barber. It's what is very much wore, Sir, indeed.

Sir John. Wore, Sir! how is it wore? where is it wore? what is it for?

Barber. Sir, it is only for ornament.

Sir John. O, 'tis an ornament! I beg you pardon! now, positively, I should not have taken this for an ornament. My poor grey hairs are, in my opinion, much more becoming. But, come, put it on. There, now what do you think I am like?

Joe. I cod measter, you're not like the same mon I'm sure.

Barber. Sir, 'tis very genteel, I assure you.

Sir John. Genteel! ay, that it may be for aught I know, but I'm sure 'tis very ugly.

Barber.

Barber. They wear nothing elſe in France, Sir.

Sir John. In France, Sir! what's France to me? I'm an Engliſhman, Sir, and know no right the fools of France have to be my examples. Here, take it again; I'll have none of your new-fangled French fopperies: and, if you pleaſe, I'll make you a preſent of this fine faſhionable coat again. Faſhion, indeed! [Exeunt Taylor, Barber, and Joe.

Re-enter Joe with the French Cook.

Joe. Sir, here's a fine gentleman wants to ſpeak with you.

Cook. Sir, me have hear dat your honour want one cook.

Sir John. Sir, you are very obliging; I ſuppoſe you wou'd recommend one to me. But, as I don't know you——

Cook. No, no, Sir, me am one cook myſelf, and wou'd be proud of de honour to ſerve you.

Sir John. You a cook! and pray, what wages may you expect, to afford ſuch finery as that?

Cook. Me vil have one hundred guinea a year, no more; and two or tree ſervant under me to do de work.

Sir John. Hum! very reaſonable truly! and pray, what extraordinary matters can you do to deſerve ſuch wages?

Cook. O, me can make you one hundred diſh de Engliſh know noting of; me can make you de portable ſoup to put in your pocket; me can dreſs you de fowl a la Marli, en Galantine, a-la Montmorancy; de Duck, en Grinadin; de Chicken, a-la Chombre; de Turkey, en Botine; de Pidgeon, en Miriton, a l'Italienne, a la d'Huxelles: en fine, me can give you de eſſence of five or ſix ham, and de juice of ten or twelve ſtone of beef, all in de ſauce of one little diſh.

Sir John. Very fine! at this rate, no wonder the poor are ſtarv'd, and the butcher unpaid. No, I will have no ſuch cooks, I promiſe you; it is the luxury and extravagance introduc'd by ſuch French kick-ſhaw mongers as you, that have devour'd and deſtroy'd old Engliſh hoſpitality. Go, go, about your buſineſs; I have no mind to be beggar'd, nor to beggar honeſt tradeſmen. Joe! [Exit Cook.

Joe. Sir.

Sir John. Let my daughter know the King has ſent for me, and I am gone to court to wait on his Majeſty.

Joe. Yes, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The King and ſeveral Courtiers.

King. Well, my lords, our old friend the Miller of Mansfield is arriv'd at laſt.

First Courtier. He has been in town two or three days; has not your Majesty seen him yet?

King. No, but I have sent for him to attend me this evening; and, I design, with only you, my lords, who are now present, to entertain myself a-while with his honest freedom. He will be here presently.

Second Courtier. He must certainly divert your Majesty.

Third Courtier. He may be diverting, perhaps; but if I may speak my mind freely, I think there is something too plain and rough in his behaviour for your Majesty to bear.

King. Your lordship, perhaps, may be afraid of plain truth and sincerity, but I am not.

Third Courtier. I beg your Majesty's pardon; I did not suppose you was; I only think there is a certain awe and reverence due to your Majesty, which I am afraid his want of politeness may make him transgress.

King. My lord, whilst I love my subjects, and preserve to them all their rights and liberties, I doubt not of meeting with a proper respect from the roughest of them: but as for that awe and reverence which your politeness would flatter me with, I love it not. I will, that all my subjects treat me with sincerity. An honest freedom of speech, as it is every honest man's right, so none can be afraid of it but he that is conscious to himself of ill deservings. Sound maxims, and right conduct, can never be ridicul'd; and where the contrary prevail the severest censure is the greatest kindness.

Third Courtier. I believe your Majesty is in the right, and stand corrected.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentleman. May it please your Majesty, here is a person who calls himself Sir John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, begs admittance to your Majesty.

King. Conduct him in.

Enter Sir John.

King. Honest Sir John Cockle, you are welcome to London.

Sir John. I thank your Majesty for the honour you do me, and am glad to find your Majesty in good health.

King. But, pray, Sir John, why in the habit of a Miller yet? what I gave you was with a design to set you above the mean dependence of a trade for subsistence.

Sir John. Your Majesty will pardon my freedom. Whilst my trade will support me, I am independent, and will look upon

upon that to be more honourable in an Engliſhman than any dependence whatſoever. I am a plain, blunt man, and may poſſibly, ſome time or other, offend your Majeſty; and where then is my ſubſiſtence.

King. And dare you not truſt the honour of a King?

Sir John. Without doubt I might truſt your Majeſty very ſafely; but in general, though the honour of Kings ought to be more ſacred, the humour of Kings is like that of other men; and when they pleaſe to change their mind, who ſhall dare to call their honour in queſtion?

King. Sir John, you are in the right, and I am glad to ſee you maintain that noble freedom of ſpirit: I wiſh all my ſubjects were as independent on me as you reſolve to be; I ſhould then hear more truth, and leſs flattery. But come, what news? how does my lady and your ſon Richard?

Sir John. I thank your Majeſty, Margery is very well, and ſo is Dick.

King. I hope you have brought her up to town with you.

Sir John. No, I have only brought my daughter, and her rather to be under my eye, than any thing elſe.

King. Why ſo, Sir John?

Sir John. She has diſpleas'd me of late very much

King. In what?

Sir John. You ſhall hear. When I was only plain John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, a farmer's ſon in the neighbourhood made love to my daughter. He was a worthy, honeſt man. He lov'd my daughter ſincerely, and, to all appearance, her affections were placed on him. I approved of the match, and gave him my conſent. But when your Majeſty's bounty had raiſed my fortune and condition, my daughter Kate became Miſs Kitty: She grew a fine girl, and was preſently taken notice of by the young gentlemen of the country. Amongſt th reſt, Sir Timothy Flaſh, a young, rakiſh, extravagant knight, made his addreſſes to her; his title, his dreſs, his equipage, dazzled her eyes and her underſtanding; and ſoud, I ſuppoſe, of being made a lady, ſhe deſpiſes and forſakes her firſt lover, the honeſt farmer, and is determined to marry this mad, wrong-headed knight.

King. And is this the occaſion of your diſpleaſure; I ſhould think you had rather cauſe to rejoice that ſhe was ſo prudent. What! do you think it no advantage to your daughter, nor honour to yourſelf, to be ally'd to ſo great a man?

Sir

Sir John. It may be an honour to be ally'd to a great man, when a great man is a man of honour; but that is not always the caſe. Beſides, nothing that is unjuſt, can be either prudent or honourable: And the breaking her faith and promiſe with a man that lov'd and ev'ry way deſerv'd her, merely for the ſake of a little vanity, or ſelf-intereſt, is an action that I am aſham'd my daughter could be guilty of.

King. Why you are the moſt extraordinary man I ever knew: I have heard of fathers quarreling with their children for marrying foolihly for love; but you are ſo ſingular, as to blame yours for marrying wiſely for intereſt.

Sir John. Why, I may differ a little from the common practice of my neighbours—— but I hope your majeſty does not, therefore, think me to blame.

King. No: Singularity, in the right, is never a crime. If you are ſatisfied your actions are juſt, let the world bluſh that they are ſingular.

Sir John. Nay, and I am perhaps not ſo regardleſs of intereſt as your majeſty may apprehend. It is very poſſible a knight, or even a lord, may be poor as well as a farmer. No offence I hope.

Turning to the Courtiers.

Courtier. No, no, no. Impertinent fellow! [*Aſide.*

King. Well, Sir John, I ſhall be glad to hear more of this affair another time; but tell me now how you like London. Your ſon Richard, I remember, gave a very ſatirical deſcription of it; I hope you are better entertain'd.

Sir John. So well, that I aſſure your majeſty, I am in admiration and wonder all day long.

King. Ay! well, let us hear what is it you admire and wonder at.

Sir John. Almoſt every thing I ſee or hear of. When I ſee the ſplendor and magnificence in which ſome noblemen appear, I admire their riches; but when I hear of their debts, and their mortgages, I wonder at their folly. When I hear of a dinner coſting an hundred pounds, I am ſurpriz'd that one man ſhould have ſo many friends to entertain; but when I am told, that it was made for only five or ſix ſqueamiſh lords, or piddling ladies, that eat not, perhaps, an ounce a piece, I am quite aſtoniſh'd. When I hear of an eſtate of twenty or thirty thouſand a year, I envy the man that has it in his power to do ſo much good, and wonder how he diſpoſes of it, but when I am told of the neceſſary expences of

a gentleman, in horſes and whores, and eating and drinking, and dreſſing and gaming, I am ſurpriz'd that the poor man is able to live. In ſhort, when I conſider our public credit, our honour, our courage, our freedom, our public ſpirit, I am ſurpriz'd, amaz'd, aſtoniſh'd, and confounded.

Firſt Courtier. Is not this bold, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps it may; but I ſuppoſe his majeſty would not have an Engliſhman a coward.

King. Far from it. Let the generous ſpirit of freedom reign uncheck'd: To ſpeak his mind is the undoubted right of every Briton; and be it the glory of my reign, that all my ſubjects enjoy that honeſt liberty. 'Tis my wiſh to redreſs all grievances; to right all wrongs: But kings alas! are but fallible men; errors in government will happen, as well as failings in private life, and ought to be as candidly imputed. And let me aſk you one queſtion, Sir John. Do you really think you could honeſtly withſtand all the temptations that wealth and power would lay before you?

Sir John. I will not boaſt before your majeſty; perhaps I could not. Yet give me leave to ſay, the man whom wealth or power can make a villain, is ſure unworthy of poſſeſſing either.

King. Suppoſe ſelf intereſt too ſhould claſh with public duty?

Sir John. Suppoſe it ſhould; 'tis always a man's duty to be juſt; and doubly his with whom the public truſt their rights and liberties.

King. I think ſo; nay, he who cannot ſcorn the narrow intereſt of his own poor ſelf, to ſerve his country, and defend his rights, deſerves not the protection of a country to defend his own; at leaſt, ſhould not be truſted with the rights of other men.

Sir John. I wiſh no ſuch were ever truſted.

King. I with ſo too: But how are kings to know the hearts of men!

Sir John. 'Tis difficult indeed; yet ſomething might be done.

King. What?

Sir John. The man whom a king employs, or a nation traſts, ſhould firſt be thoroughly try'd. Examine his private character; mark how he lives; is he luxurious, or proud, or ambitious, or extravagant; avoid him: The ſoul of that man is mean; neceſſity will preſs him, and public fraud muſt pay

his

his private debts. But if you find a man with a clear head, ſound judgment, and a right honeſt heart; that is the ma to ſerve both you and his country.

King. You're right; and ſuch by me ſhall ever be diſtinguiſh'd. 'Tis both my duty and my intereſt to promote 'em. To ſuch, if I give wealth, it will enrich the public; to ſuch if I give power, the nation will be mighty; to ſuch if I give honour, I ſhall raiſe my own. But ſurely, Sir John, yours is not the language, nor ſentiments of a common miller; how in a cottage, could you gain this ſuperior wiſdom?

Sir John. Wiſdom is not confined to palaces; nor alway to be bought with gold. I read often, and think ſometimes and he who does that, may gain ſome knowledge even in a cottage. As for any thing ſuperior, I pretend not to it. What I have ſaid, I hope is plain good ſenſe; at leaſt 'tis honeſt and well meant.

King. Sir John, I think ſo; and, to convince you how much I eſteem your plain dealing and ſincerity of heart, receive this ring as a mark of my favour.

Sir John. I thank your majeſty.

King. Don't thank me now; at preſent I have buſineſs that muſt be diſpatch'd, and will deſire you to leave me before 'tis long I'll ſee you again.

Sir John. I wiſh your majeſty a good night. [*Exit.*

King. Well, my lords, what do you think of this miller?

Firſt Courtier. He talks well; what he is in the bottom I don't know.

Second Courtier. I'm afraid not ſound.

Third Courtier. I fancy he's ſet on by ſomebody to impoſe upon your majeſty with this fair ſhew of honeſty.

Firſt Courtier. Or is not he ſome cunning knave that wants to work himſelf into your majeſty's favour;

King. I have a fancy come into my head to try him, which I'll communicate to you, and put in execution immediately. An hour hence, my lords, I ſhall expect to ſee you at Sir John's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Tavern.

Sir Timothy Flash, the Landlord, and Greenwood.

Sir Timothy. Honeſt Bacchus, how doſt thou do?

Landlord. Sir, I am very glad to ſee you; pray when did you come to town?

Sir Timothy. Yeſterday; and on an affair that I ſhall want a little of your aſſiſtance in.

Landlord. Any thing in my power, you know you may command

Sir Timothy. You muſt know then, I have an intrigue with a young lady that is juſt come to town with her father, and want an agreeable houſe to meet her at; can you recommend one to me?

Landlord. I can recommend you, Sir, to the moſt convenient woman in all London. What think you of Mrs. Wheedle?

Sir Timothy. The beſt woman in all the world: I know her very well; how cou'd I be ſo ſtupid not to think of her? Greenwood, do you know where our country neighbour, Sir John Cockle, lodges;

Greenwood. Yes, Sir.

Sir Timothy. Don't be out of the way then; I ſhall ſend a letter by you preſently, which you muſt deliver privately into Miſs Kitty's own hand. If ſhe comes with you, I ſhall give you directions where to conduct her, and do you come back here and let me know.

Greenwood. Yes, Sir. Poor Kitty! is it thus thy falſehood to me is to be puniſh'd? I will prevent thy ruin however. [*Aſide.*

Sir Timothy ſings.

O the pleaſing, pleaſing joys
Which in women we poſſeſs!
O the raptures which ariſe!
They alone have power to bleſs!

Beauty ſmiling,
Wit beguiling,
Kindneſs charming,
Fancy warming,

Kiſſing

Kiſſing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the raptures which ariſe!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing joys!

Landlord. You are a merry wag.

Sir Timothy. Merry, ay! why what is life without enjoying the pleaſures of it? Come, I'll write this letter, and then honeſt Bacchus, we'll taſte what wine thou haſt got.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Miſs Kitty and Mrs Starch.

Miſs. But pray, Mrs. Starch, does all new faſhions come up firſt at court?

Mrs Starch. O dear, madam, yes. They do nothing elſe there but ſtudy new faſhions. That's what the court is for: And we milliners, and taylors, and barbers, and manua-makers, go there to learn faſhions for the good of the public.

Miſs. But, madam; was not you ſaying juſt now that it was the faſhion for the ladies to paint themſelves?

Mrs Starch. Yes.

Miſs. Well, that is pure; then one may be as handſome as ever one will, you know. And if it was not for a few freckles, I believe I ſhould be very well, ſhould not I, Mrs. Starch?

Mrs. Starch. Indeed, madam, you are very handſome.

Miſs. Nay, don't flatter me now; do you really think I am handſome?

Mrs. Starch. Upon my word you are. What a ſhape is there! what a genteel air! what a ſparkling eye!

Miſs. Indeed, I doubt you flatter me. Not but I have an eye, and can make uſe of it too as well as the beſt of them, if I pleaſe.

SONG.

Tho' born in a country town,
The beauties of London unknown,
My heart is as tender,
My waiſte is as ſlender,
My ſkin is as white,
My eyes are as bright,
As the beſt of them all,
That twinkle or ſparkle at court or ball.
I can ogle and ſigh,
Then frown and be coy;

Fal-

Falſe ſorrow
Now borrow,
And riſe in a rage;
Then languiſh
In anguiſh
And ſoftly, and ſoftly engage.

But pray, Mrs. Starch, which do you think the moſt genteel walk now? to trip it away o'this manner? or to ſwim ſmoothly along thus?

Mrs. Starch. They both become you extremely.

Miſs. Do they really; I'm glad you think ſo; for, indeed, I believe you are a very good judge. And, now I think on't, I'll have your opinion in ſomething elſe. What do you think it is that makes a fine lady?

Mrs. Starch. Why, madam, a fine perſon, fine wit, fine airs, and fine cloaths.

Miſs. Well, you have told me already that I'm very handſome, you know, ſo that's one thing; but, as for wit, what's that? I don't know what that is, Mrs Starch.

Mrs. Starch. O, madam, wit is, as one may ſay,——the ——the being very witty; that is——comical, as it were; doing ſomething to make every body laugh.

Miſs. O, is that all? nay, then I can be as witty as any body, for I am very comical. Well, but what's the next? Fine airs; O let me alone for fine airs; I have airs enough, if I can but get lovers to practice 'em upon. And then, fine cloaths, why, theſe are very fine cloaths, I think; don't you think ſo, Mrs. Starch?

Mrs. Starch. Yes, madam.

Enter Sir John, obſerving them.

Miſs. And is not this a very pretty cap too? does it not become me?

Mrs. Starch. Yes, madam.

Miſs. But don't you think this hoop a little too big?

Sir John. No, no, too big! no. Not above ſix or ſeven yards round.

Mrs. Starch. Indeed, Sir, 'tis within the circumference of the mode a great deal.

Sir John. That it may be, but I'm ſure it's beyond the circumference of modeſty a great deal.

Miſs. Lord, papa, can't you dreſs yourſelf as you've a

mind, and let us alone. How ſhould you know any thing of women's faſhions? come, let us go into the next room.

[Exeunt Miſs and Mrs. Starch.

Enter Joe, with Greenwood.

Joe. Sir, here's one that you'll be very glad to ſee.

Sir John. Who is it?——What, honeſt Greenwood! may I believe my eyes?

Greenwood. Sir, I am very glad to ſee you; I hope all your family are well.

Sir John. Very well. But, for heav'n's ſake, what has brought thee to London? what's the meaning of this livery? I don't underſtand thee.

Greenwood. I don't wonder that you are ſurprized; but I will explain myſelf. You know the faithful, honeſt love I bear your daughter, and you are ſenſible, ſince the addreſſes of Sir Timothy Flaſh, how much her falſehood has grieved me; yet, more for her ſake, even than my own; my own unhappineſs I could endure with patience, but the thoughts of ſeeing her reduced to ſhame and miſery, I cannot bear.

Sir John. What doſt thou mean?

Greenwood. I very much ſuſpect his deſigns upon her are not honourable.

Sir John. Not honourable! he dare not wrong me ſo!—but, go on.

Greenwood. Immediately after you had left the country, hearing that he was haſtening to London after you, and wanted a ſervant, I went and offered myſelf, reſolving, by a ſtrict watch on all his actions, to prevent, if poſſible, the ruin of her I cannot but love, how ill ſoever I have been treated. Not knowing me to be his rival, he brought me along with him. We arrived in London yeſterday, and I am now ſent by him to give your daughter privately this letter.

Sir John. What can it tend to? I know not what to think; but if I find he dares to mean me wrong, by this good hand——

Greenwood. Then let me tell ye, he means you villainous wrong. The ruin of your daughter is contriv'd; I heard the plot; and this very letter is to put it in execution.

Sir John. What ſhall I do?

Greenwood

Greenwood. Leave all to me. I'll deliver the letter, and, by her behaviour, we ſhall know better how to take our meaſures. But how ſhall I ſee her?

Sir John. She is in the next room; I'll go and ſend her to you.

Greenwood. If you tell her who it is, perhaps ſhe will not be ſeen.

Sir John. I won't. [Exit.

Enter Miſs Kitty.

Miſs. Bleſs me! is not that Sir Timothy's liv'ry! (Aſide.) Pray, Sir, is Sir Timothy Flaſh come to town?

Greenwood. Yes, madam.

Miſs. Good lack! is it you? What new whim have you got in your head now, pray?

Greenwood. No new whim in my head, but an old one in my heart, which, I am afraid will not be eaſily removed.

Miſs. Indeed, young man, I am ſorry for it; but you have had my anſwer already, and I wonder you ſhou'd trouble me again.

Greenwood. And is it thus you receive me! is this the reward of all my faithful love!

Miſs. Can I help your being in love? I'm ſure I don't deſire it: I wiſh you wou'd not teaze me with your impertinent love any more.

Greenwood. Why then did you encourage it? for, give me leave to ſay, you once did love me.

Miſs. Perhaps I might, when I thought myſelf but your equal; but now, I think, you cannot in modeſty pretend to me any longer.

Greenwood. Vain, fooliſh girl! for heaven's ſake, what alteration do you find in yourſelf for the better? In what, I wonder, does the fine lady differ from the miller's daughter? Have you more wit, more ſenſe, or more virtue, than you had before? Or are you in any thing altered from your former ſelf, except in pride, folly, and affectation?

Miſs. Sir, let me tell you, theſe are liberties that don't become you at all. Miller's daughter!

Greenwood. Come, come, Kitty, for ſhame lay aſide theſe fooliſh airs of the fine lady; return to yourſelf, and let

me aſk you one ſerious queſtion; Do you really think Sir Timothy deſigns to marry you?

Miſs. You are very impertinent to aſk me ſuch a queſtion: but to ſilence your preſumption for ever—I'm ſure he deſigns it.

Greenwood. I'm glad ſhe thinks ſo, however. [Aſide.] Nay, then, I do not expect you will reſign the flattering proſpect of wealth and grandeur, to live in a cottage on a little farm. 'Tis true, I ſhall be independent of all the world; my farm, however ſmall, will be my own, unmortgaged.

Miſs. Pſha! can you buy me fine clothes? Can you keep me a coach? Can you make me a lady? If not, I adviſe you to go down again to your pitiful farm, and marry ſomebody ſuitable to your rank.

SONG.

Adieu to your cart and your plough;
I ſcorn to milk your cow.
Your turkeys and geeſe,
Your butter and cheeſe,
Are much below me now.
If ever I wed,
I'll hold up my head,
And be a fine lady, I vow.

And ſo, Sir, your very humble ſervant.

Greenwood. Nay, madam, you ſhall not leave me yet; I have ſomething more to ſay before we part. Suppoſe this worthy, honourable knight, inſtead of marriage, ſhould have only a baſe deſign upon your virtue.

Miſs. He ſcorns it: No, he loves me, and I know will marry me.

Greenwood. Dear Kitty, be not deceiv'd; I know he will not.

Kitty. You know nothing of the matter.

Greenwood. Read that, and be convinc'd.

[She reads.

My dear angel,

I COULD no longer ſtay in the country, when you was not there to make it agreeable. I came to town yeſterday; and beg, if poſſible, you will, this evening, make me happy with your company. I will meet you at a relation's; my ſervant will conduct you to the houſe. I am impatient till I throw myſelf into your arms, and convince you how much I am,

Your fond and paſſionate admirer,

TIMOTHY FLASH.

Miſs. Well, and what is there in this to convince me of his ill intentions?

Greenwood. Enough, I think. If his deſigns are honourable, why are they not open? Why does he not come to your father's houſe, and make his propoſals? Why are you to be met in private at a ſtranger's?

Miſs. Let me ſee; "I'll meet you at a relation's; my ſervant ſhall conduct you;" indeed, I don't know what to think of that.

Greenwood. I'll tell you, madam; that pretended relation is a notorious bawd.

Miſs. 'Tis falſe; you have contriv'd this ſtory to abuſe me.

Greenwood. No, Kitty, ſo well I love you, that, if I thought his deſigns were juſt, I could rejoice in your happineſs, though at the expence of my own.

Miſs. You ſtrangely ſurpriſe me; I wiſh I knew the truth.

Greenwood. To convince you of the truth, here is a direction to the houſe in his own hand, which he himſelf gave me, leſt I ſhould miſtake: whither, if you ſtill doubt my ſincerity, and think proper to go, I am ready to be your conductor.

Miſs. And is this the end of all his deſigns! have I been courted only to my ruin! my eyes are now too clearly open'd. What have I been doing?

Greenwood. If you are but ſo convinc'd of your danger, as to avoid it, I am ſatisfy'd.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. What do I hear! are you reconcil'd then?

Miſs. My dear father! I have been cheated and abuſed.

Sir John. I hope your virtue is untouch'd.

Miſs. That I will always preſerve.

Sir John. Then I forgive you any thing. But how ſhall we be reveng'd on this ſcoundrel knight?

Miſs. Contrive but that, and I am eaſy.

Greenwood. As his baſe deſigns have not been executed, I think if we could expoſe and laugh at him, it would be ſufficient puniſhment.

Sir John. If it could be done ſeverely.

Miſs. I think it may. I believe I have found out a way to be revenged on him; come with me into the next room, and we'll put it in execution.

Enter a Servant.

Sir, a gentleman deſires to ſpeak with you.

Sir John. I'll come to him.——Go you together, d'ye hear, and contrive your deſign. [They go out ſeverally.

SCENE V.

Sir John, and the King diſguis'd as a Collegiate.

Sir John. No compliments I tell ye, but come to the point: What is your buſineſs?

King. As I appear to you in the habit of a collegiate, you may fancy I am ſome queer pedantic fellow; but I aſſure you I am a perſon of ſome birth, and had a liberal education. I have ſeen the world and kept the beſt company. But living a little too freely, and having ſpent the greateſt part of my fortune on women and wine, I was perſuaded, by a certain nobleman, to take orders, and he would give me a living, which he ſaid was coming into his hands. I was juſt cloſing with the propoſal, when the ſpiteful incumbent recover'd, and I was diſappointed.

Sir John. Well, and what's all this to me?

King. Why, Sir, there is a living now fallen, which is in the

the king's gift, and I hear you have so good an interest with his majesty, that I am persuaded a word from you, in my favour, would be of great service to me.

Sir John. And what must that word be pray?

King. Nay, that I leave to you.

Sir John. You are in the right; and I'll tell you what it shall be. That you being a senseless, idle-headed fellow, and having ruin'd yourself by your own folly and extravagance; you therefore think yourself highly qualified to teach mankind their duty. Will that do?

King. You are in jest, Sir.

Sir John. Upon my word, but I am in earnest. I think, he that recommends a profligate wretch to the most serious function in life, merely for the sake of a joke, gives as bad a proof of his morals, as he does of his wit.

King. Sir, I honour your plain dealing. You exactly answer the character I have heard of your uncommon sincerity; and, to let you see that I am capable of something, I have wrote a poem in praise of that virtue, which I beg leave to present to you, and hope you will receive it kindly.

[Gives him the poem.

Sir John. Sir, I am not used to these things: I don't understand 'em at all; but, let's see. [Sir John reads. A poem in praise of the incomparable sincerity, and uncommon honesty, of the worthy Sir John Cockle, &c.] ——enough, enough; a poem in praise of sincerity, with a fulsome compliment in the very title, is extraordinary indeed. Sir, I am obliged to you for your kind intentions; your wit and your poetry may be very fine, for ought I know; but a little more common sense, I believe, could do you no harm.

King. He is not to be flatter'd, I find; but I'll try what bribery will do. That, I'm afraid, hits every body's taste. [Aside.] ——Shall I beg one word more with you? Sir, you are a gentleman of the greatest sincerity and honour I ever met with, and for that reason, I shall always have the highest regard for you in the world, and for all that belong to you. I hear your daughter is going to be married; let me beg leave to present her with this diamond buckle.

Sir John. Sir, you surprize me very much; pray, what may the value of this be?

King. That's not worth mentioning; about five hundred pounds, I believe.

Sir

Sir John. Why, did not you tell me juſt now, that you had ſpent all your fortune?

King. I did ſo: But it was for a particular reaſon; and you ſhall find I am not ſo poor as I repreſented myſelf.

Sir John. I am glad of it. But, pray how am I to return this extraordinary generoſity?

King. I expect no return, Sir, upon my honour. Tho you have it in your power to oblige me very much.

Sir John. Don't mention the living, for that I have told you already you are not fit for.

King. I won't. But there is a certain place at court of another kind, which I have long had a mind to: 'Tis true, there is a ſorry, inſignificant fellow in poſſeſſion of it at preſent; but he's of no ſervice; and, I know your power with the king; a word or two from you will ſoon diſpoſſeſs him.

Sir John. But what muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd for?

King. To make room for me, that's all.

Sir John. Hum——indeed it won't do with me——here, take it again; and, let me tell you, I am not to be flatter'd into a fooliſh thing, nor brib'd into a baſe one.

King, diſcovering himſelf.] Then thou art my friend; and I will keep thee next my heart.

Sir John. And is it your majeſty?

King. Be not ſurpriz'd; it is your own maxim, that a king cannot be too cautious in trying thoſe whom he deſigns to truſt. Forgive this diſguiſe; I have try'd thy honeſty, and will no longer ſuſpect it.

Enter Greenwood.

Greenwood. Sir, I come to let miſs Kitty know privately that my maſter will be here diſguis'd immediately.

Sir John. Will he? Well, go into the next room and tell her ſo. If your majeſty will be ſo good as to retire into this chamber a-while, you will hear ſomething, perhaps, that will divert you.

Enter Joe.

Joe. Sir, here's a ſervant maid come to be hir'd.

Sir John. Let her come in, I'll ſpeak to her preſently.

[Exit with the King.

Enter Sir Timothy diſguis'd, as a maid ſervant.

Sir Timothy. Well, I am obliged to the dear girl for this kind contrivance of getting me into the houſe with her. 'Twill be charmingly convenient.

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir John.

Sir Timothy. Sir, I heard that the young lady, your daughter, wanted a ſervant, and I ſhould be proud of the honour to ſerve her.

Sir John. My daughter will be here preſently. Pray, my dear, what's your name?

Sir Timothy. Faith I never thought of that; what ſhall I ſay? (Aſide.) Betty, Sir.

Sir John. And pray, Mrs. Betty, who did you live with laſt?

Sir Timothy. Pox of his impertinence; he has nonplus'd me again. (Aſide.) Sir, I—I—liv'd with Sir Timothy Flaſh.

Sir John. Ah! a vile fellow that; a very vile fellow, was not he? did he pay you your wages?

Sir Timothy. Yes Sir. I ſhall be even with you for this by-and by. [Aſide.

Sir John. You were well off, then; for they ſay it's what he very ſeldom does. Sad pay!——I can tell you, one part of your buſineſs muſt be to watch that villain, that he does not debauch my daughter; for I hear he deſigns it. But I hope we ſhall prevent him.

Sir Timothy. I'll take care of her, Sir, to be ſure. I burſt with laughter, to think how charmingly we ſhall gull the old fellow. [Aſide.

Sir John. Kate.

Enter Miſs Kitty.

Here's a maid for you Kate, if you like her.

Miſs. O lord! a maid! why ſhe's a monſter! I never ſaw ſo ugly a thing in all my life.

Sir Timothy. The cunning jade does this to blind the old fool. [Aſide.

Miſs. Pray, child, what can you do?

Sir Timothy. I'll do the beſt I can to pleaſe you, madam, and I don't queſtion but I ſhall do.

Miſs. Indeed you won't do.

Sir Timothy. I hope I ſhall, madam, if you pleaſe to try me.

Miſs. No, I durſt not try you, indeed.

Sir Timothy. Why, Madam?

Miſs. Methinks you look like a fool; I hate a fool.

Sir John Nay, my dear, don't abuſe the young woman; upon my word, I think ſhe looks mighty well. Hold up your head,

head, child. O lord! Mrs. Betty, you have got a beard, methinks. [Stroaks her under the chin.

Miſs. What! has Betty got a beard! ha, ha, ha! Ah, Betty! why did you not ſhave cloſer? but I told you you was a fool!

Sir John. Well——and what wages do you expect, my dear?

Miſs. Ay, what work do you deſign to do my dear?

Sir John. How cleverly you have bit the old fool, ha!

Miſs. And how charmingly we ſhall laugh at him by-and-by, ha!

Sir John. Now don't you think you look like a puppy?

Miſs. Poor Sir Timothy! are you diſappointed, love? come don't be angry, and I'll ſing it a ſong.

SONG.

Ah luckleſs knight! I mourn thy caſe:
Alas! what haſt thou done?
Poor Betty! thou haſt loſt thy place;
Poor knight thy ſex is gone
Learn, henceforth, from this diſaſter,
When for girls you lay your plott,
That each miſs expects a maſter
In breeches, not in petticoats.

Sir John and Miſs. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Timothy. Zoons! am I to be us'd in this manner; and do you think I will bear it unreveng'd?

Miſs. And have you the impudence to think you are not well us'd?

Sir John. Nay, nay, if he is not ſatisfied; inſtead of the entertainment he expected, ſuppoſe we give him what he deſerves. Who's within, there?

Enter three or four ſervants. Sir Timothy runs off, and they after him.

Sir John. They'll overtake him; and I don't doubt but they'll give him the diſcipline he deſerves.

Enter King, Greenwood, and Courtiers.

King. After what you have told me, I think they cannot uſe him too ill. Madam, I wiſh you joy of your eſcape from the ruin which threaten'd you.

Miſs

Miſs. The King! I thank your majeſty.

King. And I am glad to hear that you are reconciled to an honeſt man that deſerves you.

Miſs. I ſee my error, and, I hope by my future conduct, to make amends for the uneaſineſs I have given ſo good a father.

Sir John. My dear child, I am fully ſatisfied; and I hope thou wilt every day be more and more convinc'd, that the happineſs of a wife does not conſiſt in the title, or fine appearance of her huſband, but in the worthineſs of his ſentiments, and the fondneſs of his heart.

King. And now, my good old man, henceforth be thou my friend. I will give thee an apartment in my palace, that thou may'ſt always be near my perſon. And let me conjure thee ever to preſerve this honeſt, plain ſincerity. Speak to me freely, and let me hear the voice of truth. If my people complain, convey their grievances faithfully to my ear; for how ſhould kings redreſs thoſe ills, which flatterers hide, or wicked men diſguiſe?

Sir John. I thank your majeſty for the confidence you have in me: My heart, I know, is honeſt, and my affection to your majeſty ſincere: But as to my abilities, alas! they are but ſmall; yet, ſuch as they are, if it claſh not with my duty to the public, they ſhall always be at your majeſty's ſervice.

King. I'd have you juſt to both.

But let your country's good be your firſt aim,
On this our honeſt Miller builds his claim,
At leaſt for pardon; if you pleaſe, for fame.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

LORD! what a ſtupid race theſe poets are!
This tim'rous fool has made me mad I ſwear:
Here have I teaz'd him every day this week
To get an Epilogue——'tis ſtill to ſeek.
No, no, he cry'd: I fear it will meet ſad fate;
And can one thank an audience after that?
Well, Mr. What d'ye call t, ſaid I, ſuppoſe it ſhou'd;
A merry Epilogue might do it good.
Yes, madam, ſaid he, and ſmil'd—if I cou'd write
With humour, fit for you to ſpeak, it might.
'Twas very civil of the man, indeed——
Come, come, ſaid I, write ſomething, never heed.
Well—if it pleaſe, ſaid he—on that condition,
Pray make my compliments, with due ſubmiſſion.
The matter and the words I leave to you——
I thank'd him; and I'll try what I can do.
Our author thanks you for this favour ſhewn him:
The man is modeſt; that I muſt ſay on him.
He ſays, 'tis your indulgence, not his merit——
But, were I he, faith I'd pluck up a ſpirit;
I think 'tis meanly giving up his cauſe,
To claim no merit, when he has your applauſe.
Were I to compliment you as I wou'd,
I'd ſay, you lik'd the thing, becauſe 'twas good.
But he muſt have his way—and ſo to you
His grateful thanks I give, as juſtly due.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 70